

# THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

VOL. VII.

GLOBE, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884.

NO. 11.

## THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

Published every Saturday morning at  
Globe, Gila County, Arizona,  
—BY—  
**A. H. HACKNEY,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
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Six Months.....2 00  
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Lowest minimum temperature, Jan. 10th, 10 deg.  
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Rainfall for 1883,.....15.22-100  
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Meals first-class at all hours, and served by prompt and attentive waiters.  
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Jun 27-17

## SHALL WE CELEBRATE?

(Lock Melone in San Francisco.)

The propriety of celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America is being discussed. And if this anniversary is ever going to be celebrated, it is time it was being looked after, as we have allowed nearly four hundred anniversaries to slip by without growing uproarious about any of them.

And the question arises, should Americans celebrate? What have we gained by Columbus' discovery of America? Had he not discovered it, we Americans would still be in Europe, and some of us would be dukes. I always wanted to be a duke; and had America remained undiscovered, I might have been an Irish duke—the Duke of Ballywhack, for instance, or Marquis of Tipperary, or a Shamrock Earl. Even some one who is now a plain American, and maybe manufacturing axle-grease for a living, might be a king. Being a king is a softer thing than axle-grease. Or we might be dynamiters, busy blowing up the Czar or the House of Parliament; and this is a pleasant excitement—beats hunting jack rabbits.

We would have been born Germans and Frenchmen, and so on. I know some Americans, though, who I believe would have been born Chinamen. Also, we would be speaking the polite languages of Europe. Some Americans who can't now even speak good English would be conversant with German and French.

The nations of Europe might celebrate, for the discovery has enabled them to get rid of some mighty ornery folks. But shall we honor Columbus for arranging things so that we had to subdue a wilderness, kill the snakes, fight Indians, and eat corn bread?

In discovering this country, too, he opened up a large deposit of malaria. Who feels grateful for having to work and develop this deposit, and do it by his own labor—being poor and unable to hire assistance? Columbus is the direct cause and progenitor of the catarrh of this dry climate. They don't have it in Europe, and are not the sneezers that the Americans are. Who wants to make bonfires and get drunk over his catarrh?

Would the ghosts of those who have perished of thirst on the deserts of America, or have been drowned in the Mississippi, or have been struck by American lightning—and American lightning is very relaxing to the system—hover gratefully around us on the anniversary, as we give three cheers and a tiger for Christopher?

Who that has stood before the American cowboy's pistol, or has kept company with Columbus' tick, or has been kicked by the mule of this proud, free land, or whose society has been courted by the mosquito of the new world, or that has lived in Arkansas or New Jersey, would speak to Columbus if he were to meet him?

The skunk is an American institution; he is a case of liberty run to riot; so is the grizzly bear—and they are of America only. Who, when hugging a grizzly bear to death, or in a fist and skull fight with a skunk, has ever murmured, as he waded into the enemy, "Thanks, thanks, Columbus, old boy; may your shadow never grow less!" The skunk is the more terrible of the two; he is not as large as the grizzly, but he is fiercer at one end. No man who has ever had a hand-to-hand conflict with a skunk thinks any more of Columbus than he does of the polecat. He is not frantic to honor either the celebrated navigator or the distinguished stinker. He knows the Genesee is dead, and wishes all the skunks were.

Vanderbilt and Jay Gould might celebrate the day; they have done middling well in America. Ben Butler, too, he couldn't have got an office only in this country. And the climate has been favorable to Susan B. Anthony; it has been permitted her to live here to a ripe old age, even a rotten old age. Sergeant Bates should also be grateful. He would have been killed in the old country. But all things considered, I decline to turn myself loose on the eleventh day of October, 1892, and yell.

From a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following Parliamentary decree was solemnly passed and duly registered under King Louis XV: "Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton, wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heels, or false hips, shall seek to entice into the bands of matrimony any male subject of his Majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared incapable of matrimony."

Buddhism is the latest fashionable caprice in London and Paris, the votaries in the latter city proposing to build a temple.

## MATCHING PENNIES FOR A BRIDE.

(From the Pittsburg Leader.)

A somewhat romantic story, in which a well-known lady who resides in the Eleventh Ward, and whose first name is Hermie, is the heroine, and a young man named John is the hero, came to the ears of a Leader reporter last evening. The lady referred to is now married, but at the time the story opens, on last New Year's eve, she was a blooming maiden whose affections up to 11 o'clock of the night in question, were unpledged to any person. The story goes, and its authenticity is guaranteed by subsequent occurrences, that the young lady had made a remark shortly before the Christmas holidays that any young man of her acquaintance who, at a quarter to 12 o'clock on the night of December 31, would make a proposal of marriage to her, she would accept. When she made the remark in the hearing of one or two of her acquaintances, she was under the impression that she never would have to make good her promise, as she had not the faintest idea that any person would be visiting her house at that time of night. The remark made by Miss Hermie came to the ears of two or three young men from different sources. They did not acquaint each other with their intentions, but they must have all been of the same mind, as 9:30 o'clock on the evening in question found three of the maiden's admirers in the parlor of her home. During a casual conversation they had among themselves that they were all there for the same purpose, namely, that of remaining till 11:45 o'clock, and then proposing to their young hostess. She knew of this, and was in a dilemma as to how to act, but a plan occurred to her, and she determined to state it to the young men, so she arose in their midst, and with a sweet smile, but blushing all the while, said: "Gentlemen, I am aware of the object of your visit here, but as I can't accept all of your offers of marriage, the best way you can do is to match pennies, and the one winning is to remain here till the time comes for making the proposal, which I said I would accept." This plan was carried out, and John was the lucky one, and at a quarter of an hour before the big bell rang out the old and in the new year he proposed, was accepted, and just a little over two weeks ago John and Hermie were married, the two losers of the penny-matching game acting as best men.

## Lack of Babies Among Presbyterians.

In a membership of nearly 600,000 the last annual report shows that only 19,000 babies have been presented for baptism. The scarcity of infants in some of the most stately and wealthy churches is alarming. In the First Presbyterian church, in Fifth avenue, with its membership of 410, only two infants have been brought to the baptismal font. The venerable and wealthy Rutgers church reports no baptisms of infants, although its members number 330. Dr. Robinson's magnificent Memorial church has 603 members, who have been able to muster for baptism only ten children. The genial Mr. Rossiter, of the Fourth church, with its 666 members, reports eleven infants baptised. Across the East river there is a similar disuse of baptism. In Talmage's vast membership of 2,747, the largest in the Presbyterian family, only 32 infants have been baptised. Dr. Cuyler has 1,792 members in his church, yet has sprinkled the brows of only 25 babies. In Clason avenue church, where there are 650 members, 13 little ones have been presented at the font. Doctors Van Dyke and Crosby, one with 571 and the other with 336 members, report no baptisms at all. To show that there are infants in Brooklyn, it is necessary only to mention that the Hopkins street German church has received by baptism 46; Brother Foote's Throop avenue church, 39, and Mr. Hall's, which is among the wealthy people on the Heights, 47. Probably the most startling neglect is in Buffalo, where the three largest churches report each one baby baptised. One of these has 325 members, another 411, and the third 496. These figures, it must be remembered, are from the official records, carefully made up and solemnly laid before the highest judiciary of the church.—N. Y. Sun.

The Duke of Buccleugh, who has just died, had for sixty-five years been in possession of no fewer than 460,000 acres of land situated in seven Scotch and five English counties, the rent roll of which amounted to \$1,200,000 a year.

Of all the presents received by Bismarck on his recent birthday anniversary, that which surprised and pleased him most was from his wife—a beautiful cavalry sabre in a solid scabbard.

## A BIG DEMAND FOR GIRLS.

Hon. J. B. Otway, a member of the Dominion Parliament, is responsible for the following story: "The 'Girls' Friendly Society,' a London institution, sent some seventy young women to Canada to find homes. Their most sanguine expectation was to find employment in domestic service. One of them was a particularly bright and handsome girl, who, on her way over, became acquainted with a young Manitoba farmer, who was a passenger on the steamer. A mutual understanding was accomplished, they were married as soon as they landed at Quebec, and she accompanied him to the West. She didn't forget, however, who had crossed the sea with her. Once fixed in her new home, she set up a sort of matrimonial agency in their behalf, and two weeks ago thirty of them started to meet the husbands she had engaged for them in the Western country."

## A MODIFIER.

(From the Somerville Journal.)

He was late, and he was not altogether as he ought to have been. He saw by the light in the window that she was waiting for him, and he trembled, knowing that he merited severe rebuke. As he entered the room she began. "My dear," he interrupted, "you can't tell me what I was—hic—thinking of just now. Rather what you reminded me of as I came in. The lamp on the table and you sitting close to it. You and the lamp reminded me of the philosophy of which Matthew Arnold is the apostle—and the lamp—see!"

"No, I don't see. This is a nice—"

"Well—hic—I'll show you. Matthew Arnold is the 'poet of sweetness and light. Well, you and the lamp fill the bill—sweetness."

"You foolish fellow," said she, with a smile; "what are you standing there for? Let me help you off with your coat."

## CAREFUL WHAT SHE ATE.

(From the Pittsburg Times Chronicle.)

"Will you have a plate of cream, dear?" he asked.

"No, thank you; I very rarely eat it," she sweetly replied.

"Well, try a dish of strawberries, won't you pet?" he continued.

"No, Alfred, they are so high priced, and I really care but little for them," she answered.

"I'm so sorry," he said, with an insane desire to plunge his head into a butter tub. "Now, you must, indeed, you shall, take a glass of soda."

"You'll have to excuse me, but I only care to saunter along with you, dear," she replied.

He could resist no longer. "Will you—will you—be my darling, ducky, wife, my sweetest?" he exclaimed.

They were married that month. Late in August when she had bankrupted him on ice-cream and ten cent California pears, he sadly remarked, "I thought you did not care for these things, Maud? You didn't appear to before we were married."

"Oh, yes, I remember that time you refer to, Mr. Smith. I was a trifle careful what I ate just then," she answered, and Mr. Smith buried himself in reflection.

## A Watch Made to be Pounded.

When a visitor to the office of the American Bank Note Company sat down to talk to Mr. Lee, that gentleman put a piece of white paper under a stamp, pounded on it, and laid the paper aside. When the visitor arose to go away, Mr. Lee put the paper under the stamp again, and pounded it once more. "You talked eight minutes," said he; "that wasn't bad." He showed the piece of paper to the caller, who saw upon it two printed clock dials. One showed the hands at four minutes to 4 o'clock, the other showed them at four minutes past 4 o'clock. "We keep that stamp," he said, "so that you shouldn't go away and say you came here at 11 o'clock in the morning, or that you had to wait an hour and a half, or make any other misstatements which can be guarded against."

"No," he added a moment later; "that stamp is the latest wrinkle in office furniture. It is an ordinary stamp with a clock attachment. The hour hand is simply a raised point upon a movable circle. The minute hand is an arrow on another revolving circle. The usual inked tape passes over these indicators and the outer circle of hour figures. Beside the clock face is a cylinder with several faces, each bearing a word—one is 'approved,' another is 'wired,' another is 'answered,' others are 'delivered,' 'Lee,' 'received.' Thus a business man is able whenever he sends away a letter, telegram, or package, receives an order, or transacts any business whatever, to record the precise moment at which the thing was done. It costs \$20. I did not invent it. I bought it.—N. Y. Sun.

## Fresh Excavations at Pompeii.

(Naples Letter to the American Register.)

The part of the city where the present excavations are going on has revealed some most beautifully painted pictures and walls, some of which are very vivid in color; but almost every house in this quarter was visited by the owners themselves immediately after the eruption, and they, by mining through, took away most every valuable thing 1,800 years ago. The upper stories of the houses of Pompeii dropped up above the strata of pumice-stone, ashes and mud, deposited on that sad day in 79 A. D., and the inhabitants could very easily sink a shaft and run up and down through the walls, searching, though in the dark, after the treasures, which, generally speaking, would be found on the ground-floor, as all that was above would have been crushed by the superincumbent mass of pumice-stone and ashes. I have observed during the work of the excavators for the past few weeks, that the holes in the walls where the ancients fanned the houses were very numerous in this part of the city. At 8 p. m. on the 13th the excavations began at five different points, for it would have been impossible for the concentrated spectators to have witnessed a single excavation. Among the various objects unearthed after eighteen centuries of inhumation were twenty-eight large wing amphore (some with Greek inscriptions, telling that the wine was from Greece), many bronze locks, a bronze pedestal of a magnificent candelabra, then keys, nails, chains, a flagon, many sea-shells, a bronze ring, a large plate in terra cotta, and, finally, a large wrought-iron grating in a fine state of preservation. Nothing precious was found, and I think that the large number who witnessed the excavations did not find it startling enough to pay for their exposure to the hot rays of the sun.

## How Poker was Saved in the West.

(From the San Francisco Bulletin.)

Poker was the glory of California, and of San Francisco in particular. To endeavor to regulate this great game so that it should have rules that could be pointed to as official interpretations of the mysteries surrounding it, official action became necessary, because the untrained minds of amateurs were beginning to get very much muddled over the values of different hands, and there was danger that the confusion would increase and a hopeless corruption of the great game result if prompt action was not taken. In 1874, however, San Francisco arose to the occasion, and, through its board of supervisors, passed a law which forever put a stop to the strife, and which saved the great game of poker from utter ruin. This law, which stands now on our statute book under the head of section 36, reads as follows:

"Every person who, at the game of 'poker,' or who, on betting on a hand of cards, as a 'poker hand,' shall by claim, pretense or representation that three or four cards of the same suit shall beat three aces, or three of any kind, obtain or take any money, personal property or valuable thing, with intent to cheat and defraud, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished accordingly."

Since that day, when our board of supervisors laid down the law which should stand until time is no more poker has been considered a scientific game, to which are brought great talents, great experience, great patience and great skill. The board of supervisors saved poker from ruin.

## A SHEET-IRON EGGS.

The Inter-Ocean describes a novel invention as follows. It was not patented through the Scientific American Patent Agency. An ingenious fellow in Ohio has constructed a sheet-iron hen that promises to lay him a golden egg. It is finished up to life, full size, neckles, clucks, and looks with one eye at a time so naturally that it will deceive the oldest hen hawk in the country. It is so arranged that when a hawk, mink, or polecat pounces on to it, the back springs open and the wings fly up and force the assailant on to a ravenous buzz saw that makes 1,700 revolutions per minute. After moving half a minute the saw stops, the hen closes up, folds its wings, and begins to cackle as though it had just laid an egg. One winding up will answer for three massacres, provided the rather delicate machinery does not get clogged up too much with the blood, bones, and feathers. He set a freshly painted one out in the sun to dry the other day, which attracted the attention of a fine old cat belonging to a doctor who had been poking a great deal of fun at the fool thing. The hen is there, but the cat is hence.—Scientific American.